

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY HECTOR FULLER.

"I wish, dear, that you were here. I am lonely without you and my spirit needs you near me, want to sit by the fire and have you near me with a book that we both love, and I want to hear the words of old recited by your voice, a good book and unselfish, and I want to see you man wait."

DOROTHY NEVILLE.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Asleep upon the summit of the hill he lies,
And from the people and the world he flies.
The western sun sinks, wringing, as he dies,
Then cast the mantle of his mournful strain.
O maid, upon the hill, where you are,
Stand, like all else that follows in its train,
And in soft accents of our grief and pain.

The last of an immortal choir,
Who crowned America with song,
He, when the gods to verse inspire,
He, whom the gods to verse inspire,
No reverence of life from flesh,
His power to lift the mind,
No such new spirit, fair and fresh,
Could have no love behind.
Mortality alone to dust returns,
That which we love on earth, more than its form,
Lives after us, and ours,
Immortal peace that follows on the storm.
Not to forgetfulness that is consigned,
Which still records the beauties of the mind.

O master of the jeweled mace!
Master of unnumbered art!
Into our souls, from heaven infuse
Some truths, some thoughts that shall not part!
Let fall the mantle of the bard,
That crown your brow on some young head,
Some valiant youth with fervor pays,
And wake the living from the dead.
March 2, 1907.

No death in the world of letters has
called forth such a word of comment as
the recent death of that fine poet, Thomas
Bailey Aldrich. Nearly every one who
has written of his death has quoted the
words of Edmund Clarence Steadman, who
called him "the most exquisite of our literary
craftsmen"; and it is a fact that of
all our poets, Mr. Aldrich gives the
impression of best expressing himself.
He owed, that is, less than others to
what he read—more than others to the
gift within himself. He was born in
Petersham, N. H., November 11, 1836.
He was to have been educated at Har-
vard, but his father's death left him ill-
provided for, and he went to the count-
ing-room instead. He even while book-
keeping, he was writing, and he con-
tributed to Putnam's Monthly and to the
Knickerbocker Magazine, and soon be-
came a reader for a publishing house.
In 1855 he published "The Bells: A Col-
lection of Chimes," and in 1856, "The
Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems."
Afterward he was employed on the New
York Mirror, N. P. Willis' Home Jour-
nal, and other periodicals, and was a
contributor to many other publications,
notably the Atlantic Monthly. He suc-
ceeded Mr. Howells as editor of the At-
lantic in 1881. His editorial work in the
Atlantic has been said to be the most
important of his life. He was the editor
of Mr. Aldrich, the Atlantic won its
international reputation of being the best
edited magazine in the English language.
Aldrich excelled in the novel, and he
never succeeded, and his most dis-
tinct failure—the one that grieved him
most—was his "Judith of Bethulia,"
which failure he attributed almost
wholly to a conspiracy between the the-
atrical syndicate and the dramatic critics
of New York.

He was a writer of enormous vitality,
of wide range, of catholic outlook. His
style was refined, he cultivated distinc-
tion, and held aloof from publicity with
assiduous care. Perhaps the best-known
most popular of his poems was "The
Ballad of Baby Bell," exquisite in its
simplicity and freshness. Here is the last
stanza of it:

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did baby Bell say?
She only crossed her little hands,
And looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her slender hair,
We were the road, and she the snow—
White bells, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrept her from lead to foot in flowers,
And then what baby Bell said
Out of this world of ours.

In all he wrote, the qualities of ideal-
ism are most marked. The stern realism
of his predecessors in literature—Lowell
and Longfellow and the other New Eng-
landers—had been said of him that he was
combination of Lafcadio Hearn and Lowell.
In his death the world has lost a great
poet; America one of its most distin-
guished men of letters.

A new book by Mrs. Wharton has been
for some years an event in the world of
letters on this side of the Atlantic, but
now with the "House of Mirth" she has
become so well known on the other side
of the ocean that her books are impres-
sively reviewed both in the French and
English periodicals and reviews. In a
recent number of the *Revue des Deux
Mondes* appeared a long and elaborate ar-
ticle by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc) on
the "House of Mirth," which also dis-
cussed "Madame de Treymes" and said of it:
"The author's fellow-countrymen can feel
that reading 'Madame de Treymes' is
like reading 'Madame de Treymes' is
to feel the degeneracy of the upper classes
in every country of the world. She can
write nothing which is not unusual and
distinguished, but here, beside de-
tailed descriptions of Paris and keen
comparisons of national characteristics,
there are also unexpected disclosures. We
see, among other things, how the Ameri-
cans are exploited among not only by
tradespeople, but by duchesses who ex-
ploit them to all their charity sales, and
yet for all that never open the doors of
their salons to them."

In this world—the best you get at all!
For God in curing gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says sweet
For falsehoods—man says crowns. We are
Gashed by some tumbling circle of steel
Which, mace with a secret spring, Get work!
Get work!

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.
—Mrs. Browning.

So successful have been the pocket edi-
tions of Honoré de Balzac's works in thirty
volumes that the publishers, Little,
Brown & Co., Boston, are about to issue
pocket editions of the masterpieces of
Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo. These
very desirable sets include the most fa-
mous works of these two great authors,
adapted upon light, thin, opaque paper of
superior quality and attractively bound
in both cloth and limp leather. The
translations are faithful and unabridged,
the type is clear and beautiful, each vol-
ume contains a photograph or etched
frontispiece, and two half-tone plates.

A newly discovered autobiography of
Victor Hugo—"A Post-Scriptum to My
Life"—will soon be published by Funk &
Wagnalls Company, in a translation by
Lorenz O'Rourke. A considerable por-
tion of it was written during Hugo's exile
at Guernsey.

Prince Kropotkin's "The Conquest of
Bread" will appear shortly in translation
under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The book, first of all, aims to show the
weakness of the position of those who
claim that, because the schemes of ideal
states that have haunted the thinkers of
all ages have not realized themselves, we
are therefore to conclude that com-

munist or socialist systems are not
suited to the needs of human nature. It
aims also to demonstrate that commu-
nist and socialist ideas have been, de-
spite setbacks and reactions, approaching
nearer to practical realization. After this,
the book proceeds to the exposition of the
communism for which its author stands—a
communism embodying a strain of an-
archy and, of course, many of the tenets
of orthodox socialism.

A new novel by Arthur Thomas Quiller-
Couch, B. A., better known as "Q," called
"Polson Island," has just been published.
This is a story of treasure hunting carried
out by a band of whimsical and highly
amusing characters, one of whom, of a
poetical turn, Miss Aurelia Plimlinford,
describes the approach of the expedition
to the tropics thus:

Our hearts with poetic afflatus
Took wing and impulsively soared
As the lead-line (a quaint apparatus)
Repeated the depth overboard.
Off, off had I dream'd of the tropics,
But never to see them in person,
So full of remarkable topics,
To speculate, sigh, and converse on!

The humor of the story forms a com-
pensation for the scenes of mystery and
horror which cross the paths of the ad-
venturers.

"Indiscreet Letters from Pekin," by B.
L. Putnam Weale, is announced for early
publication by Dodd, Mead & Co. As its
title suggests, the book relates to the
siege of the legations at Pekin, and it
takes the form of an eye witness' narra-
tive.

Bertram Dobell announces the discovery
of a manuscript of Sir Philip Sidney's
"Arcadia," which may prove to be either
the original draft or the author's recast
of his first writing. It contains five
poems not in the usual text, and also
much additional prose. Perhaps this dis-
covery may lead eventually to a popular
reprint of one of the most delightful
works of Elizabethan literature. It is an-
ticipating that no publisher will undertake
such an enterprise before.

It is small wonder that they are raising
a disturbance in England over the mat-
ter of the publication of Ruskin that he
is being issued, now that the copyright has
run out. In London it is said that Rus-
kin's influence in art matters is prac-
tically nil, but his power in other fields
has immeasurably increased. The Lon-
don Saturday Review tells us:

"Ruskin to-day is read by millions of
English people. He is not read, in the
main, for the sake of art. He is read
rather for his criticism of life, for his
ethics, his precepts. He is increas-
ingly read by poor people the absolute
working folk. Here is an illustration:
The Independent, a London paper, is
buying his works by five hundred copies
at a time from Mr. George Allen, who
alone has the right by law to issue the
final revised editions of his books. Rus-
kin to-day, in such matters, is a com-
bination of a hero and of a saint. He is
being read by a host of people of all
classes at home and in the colonies. We
need not here consider whether this in-
fluence is good or bad for English people.
It exists, and everything points to the
conclusion that it will grow more and
more powerful."

The books of Ruskin which are ap-
pear in mutilated editions are "Seven
Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of
Venice," and "Modern Painters." The
real importance of these books lies in
their ethics; in what Ruskin says of
truth, of right and wrong. In some of
these are to be found the faults of youth,
and Ruskin was careful to revise and
correct them, knowing that he had often
blundered, as he says, "in ignorance and
pride."

W. D. Howells has been writing about
the uses of the dictionary, and in writing
about what he calls the un-learned Eng-
lish home, he says: "It is said that in
England the lexicon is almost unknown
in private houses, usage fixing the pro-
nunciation and instinct the spelling of
words, while with us our English discov-
ers (they are constantly discovering us)
note that there is always an unabridged
dictionary at hand to save us from
guess-doing in such matters. They have
never put our faith in grammarians, and
say, 'It is I' and 'It is he' while the
English boldly say, 'It is me' and
'It is him,' having no grammar by them
to rebuke them in their solecisms. They
contend that it is no solecism, but that
custom rightly governs in this, as it does
in their calling Mr. St. John, Sinjon, but
calling the evangelist St. John, as we
call the saint, and being contented in the
station to which God is pleased to call
them, if it is a comfortable and honor-
able station, they are born, as it were,
with a polite knowledge of what is re-
quired, and that I am glad to close the
book-column with this day."

There is growing up in London a young
and new school of poets, the character-
istics of whose work is a hopeful outlook
on life. It is perhaps only a natural
reaction from the school of Baudelaire,
John Davidson, W. E. Gladstone, and
others of that ilk. The outlook of these
young fellows is entirely hopeful; their
cry is not for the moon; not that the
gods may drop gifts in their laps, but
that they may find their chance to do
some hopeful, helpful work in the world.
One of the brightest men of this school is
Ralph Hodgson, who is likely to be heard
from largely if he keeps up his present
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this, pretty soon there won't be anybody
left for you to get acquainted with but
God."

It was not complimentary to think I
was not acquainted in that quarter, but
she was young, and the young jump to
conclusions without reflection.—From
Mark Twain's Autobiography in The
North American Review.

One of the most interesting personali-
ties among the writers of the day is
Charles D. Stewart, whose new book,
"Partners of Providence," is believed to
deal largely with the author's own ex-
periences and observations along the Mis-
sissippi and Missouri rivers.

Mr. Stewart is forty years old. When
a boy he left Wayland Academy, Beaver
Dam, Wis., for the West. He went down
the Mississippi, and later became "captain"
to the pilot of a Missouri River boat. Once
finding himself stranded in New Orleans,
he tramped north and reached Memphis
with the river in between. Then he
drifted to Overton, Tex., where he fell in
with a high-kicking crowd, and worked
six months at the anvil. He served for
two years as a cowboy, and then re-
turned to his home in Milwaukee, his
parents desiring him to become a min-
ister. Instead, he took to engraving, study-
ing under the father of Carl Marx. He
served for several years on the different
Chicago papers, usually as an engraver,
and has been active in the Photo-Engraving
Union.

Since the publication of his first book,
"The Fugitive Blacksmith," Mr. Stewart
has devoted himself entirely to writ-
ing, living quietly in Chicago and seeking
little of the so-called literary set of the
city.

Four volumes of the new and popular
edition of the works of Ivan Turgenev
translated direct from the Russian by
Isabel F. Haggard, are to be published.

Many curious examples of occupations
followed by some modern writers are of-
fered by the Westminster Gazette. We
learn, for instance, that Morley Roberts
has been a navvy, that Morley Roberts
has been a navvy, that he tended cat-
tle and sheep in Australia, that he has
been a sailor on many an ocean tramp,
and labored in Texas sawmills, on Ameri-
can railways, and in the backwoods of
Canada. He has been a tramp, a navvy,
and a penniless tramp. Jack London has
an even more interesting record. The list
of his occupations includes that of gold-
miner, tramp, lecturer, and fish-pa-
ck man. Frank Buller and Rudyard
Kipling are others who have followed by dif-
ficult and devious paths. These men have
all lived the lives of their characters, and
that undoubtedly accounts for not a little
of their literary success.

The work of Herward Carrington in
the exposure of trickery in alleged psy-
chical phenomena will give especial inter-
est to his new volume, "The Physical Pheno-
mena of Spiritualism: Fraudulent and
Genuine," which is to be published by
Herbert B. Turner & Co. Prof. Camille
Flammarion's "Mysterious Psychic
Forces" is also in process, and it will deal
with that class of physical phenomena
known as Telekinetics (embracing the
movements of objects not due to any
known force), together with raps and
other physical phenomena, visible as well
as tangible. Other volumes in prepara-
tion by Prof. Lombroso, Dr. Ernest Boz-
zano, and scientists of equal standing
will cover with like authority varied
phases of this important subject.

"I have no literary acquaintances. In
fact, my associates in England are most-
ly postmen, and, when possible, railroad
men. One finds them so much more at-
tractive." This is the confession of Har-
old Binders, who, following the lead of
"The Dust of Conflict," will, nevertheless,
introduce the blowing up of the Maine
and other incidents of the Cuban war.

Little, Brown & Co. have just pub-
lished three new works of fiction: "Aunt Jane
of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall;
"Akeley of the Faculty," by Anna Chas-
ler Ray, and "Under the Harrow," by
Ellis Meredith. Two editions of "Aunt
Jane of Kentucky" were required before
the day of publication, to fill the large
advance orders.

The Macmillan Company has just is-
sued in this country a new collected edi-
tion of the works of Coventry Patmore
in five volumes. Two of the volumes are
devoted to the Poems, the others con-
taining, respectively, "Principle in Art
and Other Essays," "Religio Poetiae" and
"The Flower."

There is growing up in London a young
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John Davidson, W. E. Gladstone, and
others of that ilk. The outlook of these
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cry is not for the moon; not that the
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that they may find their chance to do
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One of the brightest men of this school is
Ralph Hodgson, who is likely to be heard
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